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THE

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. CATHERINE JEMMAT.

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THE

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. CATHERINE JEMMAT,

Daughter of the late Admiral YEO of PLYMOUTH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

SECOND EDITION.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXXI.

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THE

MEMOIRS, &c.

AMONGST the many who courted my notice and ſmiles at the aſſembly, was one Mr. Jemmat, who kept a mercer's ſhop in Plymouth; this perſon took an occaſion to tell me, that he had a pretty fortune of about three thouſand pounds, well laid out in buſineſs;—that if I could think of him for a huſband, he would do every thing in his

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power to make me as happy as I deſerved.

BUT I took ſo little notice of that common-place chit-chat, and beſides, was ſo utterly indifferent about the man himſelf, that you ſee I have not even regiſtered him in the liſt of my former courtiers.—Wou'd to God I could omit it now; but

The blackeſt ink of fate was ſure my lot,
And when ſhe wrote my name ſhe made a blot.

THE melancholy that I mentioned to have ſeized me, brought a fever upon my ſpirits, and a number

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ber of hypochondriac ſymptoms; I frequently imagined, as I ſat alone contemplating my moſt forlorn condition, that I ſaw monſters coming to devour me; again, that I ſaw my father all in a rage with his ſword drawn coming to put me to death, whilſt my mother and Mrs. Peggy were whiſpering in a corner. —I have ſince ventured to aſcribe the cauſe of this diſorder, in ſome meaſure, to the extreme ſtillneſs of the houſe, and regularity of Mr. S.'s family, who were all up by ſix in the morning, and, except on extraordinary occaſions indeed, were in bed by nine at night.

To

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To me who had hitherto been uſed to the gaiety of public places; to a perpetual round of company, this ſedentary reſtricted life was ſufferable, but far indeed from being agreeable; the company and converſation of the curate was my only conſolation.

One night when Mr. S.'s family had been ſome hours aſleep, I heard the noiſe of horſes, as I thought, at the door; and awoke my companion, who being heavily aſleep, was with ſome difficulty rouſed: I imagined it had been my father, whoſe heart had relented, and therefore haſtened her to open the window and enquire who it was; ſhe was anſwered a gen-

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a gentleman poſt from Plymouth, who was come to ſee Miſs Yeo. This confirmed my ſurprize, and put my heart all of a flutter; but upon the admittance of the new gueſt, we found him neither more nor leſs than the important Mr. Jemmat.

Oh, ill-ſtarr'd hour!

He ſent up word by Miſs S. that he came expreſs from my father, and that let what would be the conſequence he muſt ſee me that night; he was informed that I was ill, and had been in bed ſome hours;—that ſuch an intruſion might incommode and frighten me. No, ſaid he, I come the joyful meſſenger of peace and reconciliation;

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I come to dry her tears, and lift her up to ſuch a pitch of glory, that the aſtoniſhed world ſhall wonder what ſtrange virtue placed her there.

THIS ſpeech, delivered pretty much in the ſtile of ancient Piſtol, had ſo wonderful an effect on Mr. S.'s niece, that ſhe brought him without further ceremony to my bedſide.

WHEN he came there, and ſhe had retired to give him an opportunity of delivering whatever meſſage he had; he ſat down, and taking me by the hand, ſpoke to this purpoſe.

CAN

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CAN you wonder, moſt adorable creature, that the man who only lives in the hope of being yours for ever, ſhould thus fly from every enjoyment when he heard of your dejected condition: I never knew you had left your father's houſe, till being at the aſſembly this night, and miſſing the bright ſtar that once illumined it, I made enquiry after your health and welfare, and heard the dreadful particulars; I flew that inſtant to my horſe, and have never ſtopt till I arrived here. —Well, Sir, and what is the purpoſe of your journey? To propoſe to you all that a man can offer, as to affection and fortune; to rid you from

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from the tyranny of a relentleſs father, and the baſe artifices of an obdurate ſtep-mother, by making you my own for ever;———if my moſt charming Kitty will bleſs me with her conſent, ſhe will make me at once the moſt happy and moſt obliged man upon earth.———Pray, Sir, give me time to conſider your propoſal. Conſider, madam, I ſhall die at your feet, if you don't promiſe me your hand, this hour ſhall be my laſt.———I recollected juſt at this inſtant, the reſolution I had formerly made, of accepting the firſt tolerable offer; and I own to you the tragic and affecting manner in which he delivered himſelf,

went

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went no ſmall way to obtain his point.———I told him, Sir, I don't love you, and therefore how can you aſk me to marry you. My conduct, madam, ſhall deſerve a kind return; there is a merit in winning the affections of a lady after marriage, which I am highly ambitious of. Well, Sir, I am not averſe to you neither, and if you treat me as well as you promiſe, it muſt be my fault if a proper ſenſe of affection does not ſpring up in my boſom.

UPON this I gave the wretch my hand, and promiſed to be his for ever. Not to tire the reader's patience

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tience with a circumſtantial detail of trifles, we were ſhortly after married in the pariſh church of my friend the clergyman, and partly with the conſent of my father, who told a friend who applied to him on the occaſion, that he ſhould not forbid a licence. Amongſt other congratulations on the ſubject, I was preſented with the following poem.

For ev'ry ſtation of a woman fit,
Jemmat has ſenſe, vivacity and wit;
Nor let the want of ſtature raiſe a ſtrife,
In leſs of matter there is more of life.

So

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So di'monds poliſh'd into brilliants
riſe,
And gain in luſtre what they want in
ſize.
Once we confeſs, deluded by the
throng,
She lean'd to folly, but ſhe lean'd not
long.
By nature lively, ſhe grew wild by
art,
For ſure it was ſo pretty to be ſmart.
But ſoon recov'ring, fluſh'd with mirth
and youth;
Contented ſhe came home to ſenſe and
truth.
Of ev'ry foreign idle grace diſarm'd,
She grew herſelf,—ſhe reaſon'd—and
ſhe charm'd.

Yet

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Yet tho' ſhe reaſons, ſhe can trifle
ſtill,
With equal ſpirit—but ſuperior ſkill.
And with ſome change of manners
and of ſtile,
For folly laughs, when wiſdom does
but ſmile.
The pertneſs fled,—the livelineſs re-
mains,
She then diverted,—now ſhe enter-
tains,
With lively humour and with eaſy
ſenſe;
Not at her neighbour's or her own
expence.
But nice reflections on the preſent caſt;
And modeſt cenſures on the follies
paſt.

Shy

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Shy to decide, tho' ready to diſcern,
Fond to improve, yet not aſham'd to learn;
Her reaſon with the charms of fancy grac'd,
She feels a reliſh, and ſhe ſhews a taſte:
Her life by principle and truth ſhe ſteers,
Not turn'd by ev'ry whiſtle that ſhe hears,
Like half her ſex, from matrons down to girls,
With eyes that twinkle and a head that twirls,
Now light and giddy, now demure and prim,
All pride and paſſion, prejudice and whim;

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Her heart ſtill regularly taught to beat,
Is warm'd with nature, not with paſſion's heat;
With her own ſorrows apt to ſwell or flow,
With gen'rous pity for another's woe;
While friendſhip, piety, compaſſion move,
And ev'ry tender ſentiment of love.
Yet love's admittance too was gain'd but ſlow,
He was a ſtranger only—not a foe;
Her heart was to be won, but at her price,
She was not ſo inſenſible as nice:
Thus ev'ry virtue ſhining in its place,
And ev'ry virtue follow'd by a grace;

She

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She claims our praiſes—are our praiſes
due?
The picture charms us—is the picture
true?
All poets rant, their fancy is their law,
They colour brightly what they falſe-
ly draw;
Or grant that one in twenty ſpeaks his
mind,
He may not flatter, yet he may be
blind;
Some praiſe with art, who cannot
judge with ſkill,
And many flouriſh, who can reaſon
ill;
Jemmat, your worth the writer's fame
inſures,
He drew the picture, made the picture
yours:

Shews

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Shews to the women how their glories
sink,
Shews to the men, a woman dares to
think;
Till all confess, discov'ring whom I
paint,
The image faithful, tho' the copy's
faint.

WHETHER I had the least title to such a flow of pretty compliments, I cannot pretend to say; but if I had, it will render Mr. Jemmat's subsequent conduct the more extraordinary, especially if I may be permitted to add the following ode, which I received from Mr. S. formerly mentioned, after he came from Leyden.

In

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In diſappointment not unſkill'd,
My mind in ſearch of pleaſure roves,
With hopes of happineſs beguil'd,
Tow'rd ev'ry fond amuſement moves.
But fond amuſements all are vain,
Enchanting Kitty to obtain.

Free from ambition's reſtleſs fire,
My humble ſoul cou'd live at eaſe,
Nor can the thirſt of gold inſpire
A wiſh injurious to my peace;
Honour and wealth in vain allure,
A heart contented to be poor.

Not the whole world with all its charms,
Cou'd my regardleſs heart entice,
Beauty alone my heart diſarms,
Proof 'gainſt the other baits of vice.

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Yet here my lovely Kitty's name,
Inſpires me with the pureſt flame.

Pleaſures in theſe ſoft colours dreſt,
Attract my unexperienc'd eyes;
Until within my youthful breaſt,
Warm thoughts and expectations riſe.
And with deluſive hopes controul,
Each wiſh of my unwary ſoul.

Thus while on earthly bliſs my mind
Is fix'd, with fancy'd joy elate,
Too ſoon, alas, my hopes I find,
Daſh'd by ſome ſudden ſtroke of fate.
My expectations all are vain,
I only riſe to fall again.

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No more weak youth direct thy aims,
To that which thou can'ſt never know,
A love ſo pure heav'n only claims,
Unrival'd by the joys below,
There, there, thou'lt find what here thou'lt miſs,
A laſting and ſubſtantial bliſs.—

Mr. Jemmat, who was naturally of a jealous diſpoſition, though he ſeemed quite delighted while the clergyman was in company; yet he uſed gently to chide me when we were alone, for ſeeming

"With a greedy ear,
"To devour up his diſcourſe."

As his remonſtrances bore no tart in them, and I was very volatile, I never

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never even thought of thoſe hints, nor ſhould I perhaps ever, had not the parſon unluckily delivered to me the following lines while Mr. Jemmat was preſent; and I have often thought of what Iago ſays,

" Trifles light as air,
" Are to the jealous confirmation
" ſtrong,
" As proofs of holy writ."

To Mrs. JEMMAT.

In thee to blow the flow'r of human kind,
Sure ev'ry ſtar and ev'ry pow'r combin'd,
From the full ſource of whoſe diffuſive heart,
Stream the rich currents of each poliſh'd art,

While

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While virtue, ſweetneſs, elegance and grace,
Breathes in thy mind, and lives upon thy face.
Oh might my verſe aſſume a ſtrain divine,
Soft and obliging, as each act of thine,
The flowing tinctures of a deathleſs lay
Shou'd all thy excellence of ſoul diſplay.
Thee bounteous heaven, indulgent, ſent to teach,
The ſummit female eminence cou'd reach;
And bid your manners, ſenſe and judgment ſoar,
A pitch unknown to all your ſex before.

'Tis

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'Tis thus the princely eagle wings his way,
Tow'rds the fix'd orbit of reſplendent day:
The ſmaller ſpecies of the feather'd race,
A while attend him thro' the liquid ſpace,
Till ſoon fatigu'd, reluctant they give o'er;
Behold, aſtoniſh'd, but aſpire no more;
While he undaunted traces ſpheres unknown,
And views the planetary world alone.
Ambitious nymphs, by whom perfection's ſought,
May emulate thy dignity of thought.

But

But a conſummate majeſty of mind,
Marks you the firſt and beſt of wo-
mankind,
Where dwell the pity'ng pang, the
tender tear,
For ſuff'ring innocence the ſigh ſin-
cere,
The ſpirit lib'ral, which no bounds
controul,
And ev'ry ſocial offspring of the ſoul.

MR. Jemmat commended the compoſition with a peculiar warmth, and ſaid he did not know what recompence to make the gentleman for ſo much civility to his wife;—perhaps, my dear, ſaid he, you might think of ſome method to return the compliment.—I told him no words could

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could do it.——So I think, ſaid he, and therefore I ſhall go to Plymouth to-morrow.——As I really apprehended that he meant to buy ſome trinket to preſent to the parſon, I adviſed him to go by all means;—but, ſaid I, you ſhall take me with you. No, my dear, ſaid he, that would prevent the very purpoſe of my going, the doctor will take care to comfort you: I warrant he has not been a lover ſo long without knowing what a gay young lady requires in the abſence of her huſband.

THOUGH ſuch language at this time of day might be intelligible to me, yet I could not then conceive from whence

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whence it proceeded; what do you mean, said I;———mean, child, said he, why that man loves you better than I do, and perhaps you love him better than me; he was an older friend, you told me you did not love me when you took me, and what a blockhead was I to expect it.

THIS discourse was interrupted by Mr. S's niece, who came in to know what we would have for dinner.———Love, madam, said he, virtuous love, it will subsist us, we shall grow fat on't; 'tis a scarce commodity, and therefore will relish the more exquisitely.

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DURING this ſpeech he walked to and fro in the room, and rolled his eyes in a manner I had never ſeen him do before; he then went out, clapped the door after him, and rode directly to Plymouth.

MISS S. ſeemed thunder-ſtruck, and was ſome time before ſhe could recover the powers of ſpeech;——— at length ſhe ſaid, pray madam have you had any words with Mr. Jemmat? I told her no, but ſhewed her the verſes, and told her all the proceedings.

MY dear, ſaid ſhe, I am ſorry for you, I perceive that he is troubled

troubled with jealouſy, and I fear as you are young and handſome, you will have a very unhappy life with him;———he has been making ſome enquiries in the houſe about your former conduct, which, with his recent behaviour, leaves no room to doubt of it.

I told her, like poor Deſdemona, with my eyes full of tears, I had never given him cauſe for a ſuſpicion of my regard or my conſtancy, but that I ſuppoſe now I was married to him, he was determined to tyranniſe over me.

Miss S. gave me much good advice, and told me the only method to

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to cure him, would be to attend him wherever he went, and to feign myſelf jealous of every woman he even looked at; both of which I, thought too mean to put in practice, though I had too much good manners to contradict her.

About two o'clock in the morning he returned, but ſo diſordered with liquor, that he was ſcarce able to ſpeak, and being incapable of undreſſing himſelf, I performed that office for him as well as I had power to do, and put him into bed;——he had not been there long, when he either was, or feigned himſelf to be in convulſion fits; this very much terrified me, as I had no creature to give

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give me any aſſiſtance. I recollected juſt that moment, that Mr. S's niece lay but in the oppoſite room; I therefore run in without a candle, and drew back the curtain with ſome emotion, when, to my infinite ſurprize, I heard the parſon's voice, cry, who's there? what's the matter; I was retiring with precipitation to my own room, when behold, I met the gentleman whom I left in fits, with the candle in his hand, and in his ſhirt. Well, madam, ſaid he, I find you know the ways of this houſe, I am now ſatisfied. I explained the matter to him ſo as to leave no hinge to hang a doubt on,——but he was ſullen, and

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only anſwered; pray, madam, come to bed.

THE next morning at breakfaſt I was heartily bantered by Mr. S's family and the clergyman for my miſtake, which Mr. S. ſaid was very eaſily accounted for, as his niece had always ſlept in that room, but reſigned it to the curate, who had accommodated Mr. Jemmat and me with his.

MISS S. told us a ſtory of a ſimilar nature, but attended with the moſt fatal conſequences; a young lady who married a clergyman of Cornwall, for downright love, after ſhe had been undreſſed on the wedding night and put to bed, took it

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it into her head to run away from him; ſhe fled into a dark room; he followed her, and unluckily ſtruck his temples againſt the corner of ſome drawers that ſtood in the way, dropt down, and immediately expired. This poor young creature was called the *maiden widow*, and Miſs S. told us, that the grief of it affected her brain in ſuch a manner that ſhe remained melancholly for ſeveral years after. Nor was it to be wondered at, ſince ſhe dearly loved her huſband, who had been ſeven years courting her.

MR. Jemmat however frequently told me afterwards, that he never could be perſuaded, but that I knew the

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the curate was in that room, and had made an aſſignation with him.

I MUST confeſs, however, that after a long conference between him and this gentleman———wherein I ſuppoſe he ſpoke to his underſtanding, his behaviour during our ſtay at Mr. S's, which was but a very few days, was very uniform.

MY readers will be pleaſed to remember that Mr. Jemmat was bred a ſilk mercer, and kept a ſhop at Plymouth. He had made both me, and the gentleman who applied to my father for his conſent, believe, that his buſineſs was able to ſupport us in a genteel manner. But a little

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little time ſhewed things very different from his repreſentations.

He brought me to his houſe as he called it: but which more properly might have gone by the appellation of an hog-ſty; the kitchen and parlour were ſcattered over with broken bottles and glaſſes, the manifeſt marks of riot and exceſs. There were three beds in the houſe, but ſcarcely any other furniture, inſomuch that we were at a loſs where to ſit down.

I too ſoon experienced that he had no intentions to ſettle in the world, or to obtain the reputation of an upright man; his ſcheme in marrying

rying me, was only to extort money from my father to pay his creditors, who were very numerous and preſſing, and who had ſome hopes from his union with our family of being paid; and therefore deſiſted from arreſting him, till they ſaw what the marriage would produce.

When I had got my houſe a little to rights, I obſerved that my father ſtopped every afternoon at an apothecary's ſhop oppoſite to it, to ſee how we went on, and to make enquiries about us. My friends and acquaintance ſent me ſeveral pretty preſents of china, linen, and pictures, ſo that my parlour was quite a

baby

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baby houſe, as it was ſmall, but well filled; before we had been a fortnight here, as I was ſitting alone in the ſhop, Mr. Jemmat being abroad upon buſineſs, I ſaw my father making directly to our door;——I ran away into the back parlour, as if I had been guilty of ſome crime, but he followed me with great humanity; I threw myſelf at his feet, and ſolicited his pardon and his bleſſing, which he readily gave me, and bid me be of good cheer, for he would be a better father to me than I expected.

It had been pre-agreed between Mr. Jemmat and a ſiſter of his, that as ſoon as he was ſettled, ſhe ſhould come

come and keep house for him; but as I had been informed of this, and likewise that she was the most insinuating, artful creature upon earth, I was determined to oppose it;—— which I had the more authority to do, both as I had refused to accept of my own sister, and that I found he had no dependance but upon my father's liberality.

This sister, it seems, had framed a design to make a property of us either by one means or another;—if she got footing in the house, she judged it would be in her power every moment;—if that failed, why then she had a bond for two hundred pounds, ready filled up, which she

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ſhe ſuppoſed ſhe could prevail on him to ſign and ſeal, whenever ſhe could find an opportunity to intoxicate him with liquor, an infirmity ſhe well knew he had long been a ſlave to.

For this purpoſe ſhe came to Plymouth, and ſent a ſervant late at night, to acquaint him that there were ſome cuſtomers, at ſuch an inn, who deſired to ſee him immediately. I obſerved the ſervant to wink at him, when he delivered a letter into his hand, which made me conclude it was ſhe; I therefore inſiſted upon it, that I would accompany him to the inn. After

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many remonſtrances which availed nothing, he agreed I ſhould go with him, and told me it was only his ſiſter, who was ſo very obliging as to come to keep houſe for him.

I TOLD him I would have no ſecond miſtreſs in my houſe, but that in regard to him, I would render his ſiſter any ſervice in my power.

SPOKE like yourſelf, Kitty, ſaid he, then follow me; we went to the inn, and I could diſcover all imaginable confuſion in the countenance of her and a man who was with her, upon my entrance.

I THOUGHT

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I THOUGHT it neceſſary to ſhew them all the good-manners I was miſtreſs of, and to invite them home; which I did, and when they had been there ſome time, the man ſaid to Mr. Jemmat, don't you know, Sir, your ſiſter wants to ſpeak to you? why don't you go into another room.

SIR, ſaid he, there can be nothing ſaid to me, but what my wife ought to know, and ſhall hear; upon this ſhe declared, that ſhe wanted ſome goods out of the ſhop for cloaths; I told Mr. Jemmat to give them to her by all means, and added to it, as a preſent of my own, to the value of twenty pounds; ſhe went

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went away in high ſpirits, and I thought I had taken an effectual ſtep to ſecure her friendſhip, for heaven knows how ill we could afford what ſhe then received. But as the poet juſtly obſerves,

" Ingratitude's the growth of ev'ry
" climate."

THIS very woman, as ſoon as ſhe got to the country, wrote him a letter, filled with the blackeſt and moſt diabolical inſinuations; ſuch as that the child I went with was not his, but a gentleman's who (as luck would have it) had not been in Plymouth for many months; that I was great with ſuch and ſuch people; and that as my father had hitherto

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hitherto done little or nothing, and was only trifling, he ought to turn me and the baſtard on his hands, ſell off his goods, and go off to London.

MR. Jemmat, after receiving this pretty epiſtle, was eight days without ſpeaking a ſingle word to me, nor ſhould I ever have known the cauſe of it, but that in rummaging his pockets for the key of a drawer I wanted, I found the letter.

THERE happened at that time to be preſent a phyſician's lady, who had formerly been my ſchool-fellow; to her I delivered the letter before I had read half its contents.

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I was ſurpriſed to ſee her burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter, and demanded the occaſion of it; read, my dear creature, ſaid ſhe, and believe your own eyes; you here find yourſelf accuſed of being familiar with my huſband as well as all the reſt.

As this accuſation carried in its front a contradictory kind of abſurdity, I could not help joining her in the laugh; indeed, this ſingle circumſtance was ſufficient to evince the fallacy of every matter advanced againſt me.

I CONSULTED her what I ſhould do upon this occaſion; ſhe begged I would

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I would leave it to her, and ſhe would undertake to cure him effectually of giving heed to ſuch ſlanders for the future, that is, ſaid ſhe, if he has a grain of common ſenſe.

For that purpoſe ſhe begged I would ſend immediately to invite the doctor to ſupper, and, ſaid ſhe, if Mr. Jemmat comes home ſober, which is fifty to one, you ſhall find in what a manner I'll puniſh him. I did as ſhe deſired, and the doctor drank tea with us. About nine o'clock he came home, and ſeeing company with me, affected to be in great good humour,——— took and kiſſed me, and then the lady, and ſaid, Doctor, you may return

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turn the compliment; you may kiſs my wife whenever you think proper; for I ſhall go to London in a few days upon buſineſs, and then you'll have a fair opportunity for retaliation.

SIR, ſaid the lady, I fancy the doctor has been before-hand with you, for though I deſpiſe retailing ſlander,—— yet I have been well informed, and from ſuch authority as you at leaſt would ſcarcely diſpute, that there has already been too great a degree of intimacy between my huſband and your wife for female patience to ſupport. Nay, I have heard, that the doctor is the real father of the child ſhe now carries.

MR.

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MR. Jemmat and the doctor looked ſtedfaſtly at each other;——— nay gentlemen, ſaid the lady, I have now purpoſely brought you all together to have this affair cleared up. Pray madam, ſaid Mr. Jemmat, with a look of great diſſimulation, from whence had you this report? It is neceſſary you ſhould give up the author, that the doctor and myſelf may proceed according to law againſt him.

I AM glad, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you reſent the thing as you ought to do; and you muſt be the moſt infamous villain upon earth, if you don't make a public example of thoſe that dare to propagate or even whiſper

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per ſo groundleſs a calumny. If you will promiſe me to act as you ought to do, and that the doctor will be upon honour to join you in the proſecution, I will this moment tell you my author.

THEY both declared their aſſent to this propoſal, the one ſincerely, and the other hypocritically; upon this ſhe pulled out the letter, and began to read it verbatim; I obſerved Mr. Jemmat's colour to come and go ſtrangely, and therefore could not ſtand it, but left them to ſettle it among themſelves, and retired to a room, where I locked myſelf up.

FILLED

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FILLED with the moſt gloomy reflections, I kneeled down by the bedſide to implore the aſſiſtance of divine providence, in which poſition I fell ſo ſound aſleep, that Mr. Jemmat, after ſearching the whole houſe for me at paſt twelve o'clock at night, was forced to break open the door of the room I was in, as I had locked it after me.

HE told me he begged ten thouſand pardons for not ſhewing me that diabolical letter before, but he ſaid he knew it would only make me unhappy; and as he diſbelieved the contents, and deſpiſed the writer, he hoped I would forgive him. If you will, Kitty, ſaid he, from the bottom

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tom of your heart, I'll promiſe you in the ſincerity of mine, that I never will for the future, either converſe or correſpond with her that ſtrove to diſunite us. I might as well ſeem to believe him as not, for I had no remedy, ſo after forcing on me a few Judas kiſſes we went to bed.

My mother was at this time in the country for the recovery of her health, which was in a very declining ſtate; my father adviſed me to go and viſit her, as it was but a few miles out of town, and lent me a horſe and a ſervant whenever I had an inclination; in obedience to his commands I waited on her ſeveral

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veral times; ſhe had now diſmiſſed her favourite maid by the poſitive injunction of my father, and tho' I found her at firſt a little ſhy and reſerved, yet in proceſs of time ſhe became quite friendly and obliging, ſo that I thought myſelf happy when I could get an opportunity to pay my reſpects to her.

SHE had then but two children living, a ſon, now my worthy brother, and a daughter who is ſince dead; my brother was very fond of me in his younger days, but ſince he has come to the poſſeſſion of my father's fortune, he ſeems to have quite forgot that there is ſuch a perſon as myſelf in the world.

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My mother being adviſed by her phyſicians to go to Bath, ſhe requeſted that Mr. Jemmat would accompany her a part of the way, and bring me with him, to which we readily conſented; ſhe treated us all the way with the moſt cordial civility, and we parted extreme good friends.

In a fortnight after my mother's departure, my father was ſeized with a moſt terrible fit of the gout, during which I attended him with all poſſible aſſiduity, and ſat up night after night in his room, which for one in my condition was not the moſt proper office; but I conſidered nothing but my duty, and would willingly have given up my

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my life to have added one hour to his.

ONE evening that he found himſelf ſomething better, he told me I might go home and reſt myſelf, and that if he found any relapſe, he would ſend for me.

JUST as I had got into bed in my own houſe, I heard a violent knocking at the door, and my preſaging head told me I had loſt my father; but it was not ſo bad as I conjectured, the the fit had returned on him with tenfold pain, and he requeſted me to come to to him that inſtant.

I JUST

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I JUST threw a night-gown about me, put on my ſlippers, and followed the meſſenger.—When I entered the room, I went to his bed-ſide, and he ſaid, in a very low voice, Oh, Kitty, I am expiring, but take care you don't take cold.——

His thinking of me at that time made my eyes flow plentifully with tears.—I prevailed on him to take ſome warm jelly with a quantity of ſpice and ſtrong Madeira wine in it.

THERE was a footman in the room who conſtantly attended him;—after I had helped him to his draught, I ſat down by the fire, and heard with the utmoſt concern the deep groans he

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he uttered, amidſt which he was moſt fervently praying to God to take him out of his pain, when ſuddenly he went to move one of his legs, and from the anguiſh of it, thundered out the moſt dreadful imprecations; the footman, upon this alternative, burſt into ſuch a fit of laughter, that he was obliged to leave the room, as he could not for his life ſuppreſs it; and indeed, it was with the greateſt difficulty I could refrain myſelf from following his example; it brought to my remembrance the paſſage in Shakeſpear, between Sir John Falſtaff and the prince of Wales, where Sir John is lamenting the wicked courſe of life he had led, which he modeſtly imputed to company, villanous company;———and the prince,

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who knew his hypocriſy, propoſes a highway robbery; Sir John inſtantly agrees to it,——and ſays,——"where you will."——A good reformation, truly ſays the prince, from praying to purſe-taking.

I CONTINUED with my father till paſt ſeven in the morning, at which hour he fell into a ſound ſleep: I left ſtrick orders with the ſervants to come for me, if there ſhould be any particular call; but he ſlept ſeven hours, which greatly refreſhed him, and I was in his room an hour before he awoke; from this time he mended every day.

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But whatever joy the recovery of my father might inſpire in my boſom, it was ſoon clouded with a veil of the moſt unutterable ſorrow, by the bad œconomy of my unfortunate huſband; who kept himſelf in ſuch a continued ſtate of ſtupefaction, that it gave him a kind of falſe courage; or, as Mr. Pope has luckily expreſſed it in the Dunciad,

"And thou my darling, thou my
"fav'rite child,
"Stern impudence, to ſtupefaction
"mild."

This carried him to ſuch extremes, that he abuſed every body who

who came in his way; nor were his maker or his king exempted from the rancour of his tongue.

How then muſt it fare with his poor wife, who was ſoon after brought to bed of a daughter? His behaviour to me at that ſeaſon, when even brutes and ſavages ſhew ſome marks of tenderneſs to the ſuffering female, was ſuch that humanity would bluſh at the repetition of;——in ſhort, it threw me into a violent child-bed fever; in which I was delirious for ſome weeks, and ſhould have been utterly loſt, but that I found in ſtrangers what I might reaſonably have expected in a huſband.

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IT will not be neceſſary to enter any farther into the particulars of my huſband's behaviour to me, as I believe my readers may eaſily from this ſmall ſketch imagine it; eſpecially as more minute details are not ſufficiently intereſting to engage their attention.

BUT as the unhappy victim I cannot refrain mentioning, that night after night, like a poor ſubmiſſive ſlave, have I laid my lordly maſter in his bed, intoxicated and inſenſible: day after day have I received blows and bruiſes for my reward: in ſhort, I thought I had married a man, I found I had married a monſter.

THIS

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THIS method of going on for a tradeſman was impoſſible to laſt long; within three years after our marriage he became a bankrupt; and tho' I had many friends who tried to intercede with my father to take me into his houſe, he was deaf to all their entreaties: ſome of whom, of family and fortune far ſuperior to his, continued their ſolli-citations till his death.

THUS thrown upon the wide world for ſupport, may I not plead as ſome excuſe for any foibles I may ſince have been led into, the many natural as well as incidental cauſes that I have had to ſtruggle with; tho' I have ſtill the ſatisfaction to think, that none of them have

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have led me to act beneath the dignity of my ſex.

But as many of my readers may never have heard farther of me than my own ſtory, I have thought proper to introduce the following converſation verbatim as Lord D. told me he heard it at a coffee-houſe between a gentleman of rank and fortune ſince deceaſed, and Mr. H. an old ſweet-heart of mine, to ſhew the opinion that every one that knew me had of my father and huſband's behaviour; eſpecially as it contains a ſtory which I ſhould have introduced in the beginning of my Memoirs.

Says

SAYS this gentleman to Mr. H. "I'll give you a proof of this girl's "intrepidity, which happened when "I was firſt lieutenant to her fa- "ther, and ſhe was about thirteen "years old; we went aboard a Swede "man of war with her father and mo- "ther and many others, to ſee ſome "fine horſes and wild beaſts that were "going as a preſent to the Queen of "Hungary; the horſes were all be- "tween decks but one that had not "been well, which was upon the deck, "faſtened by a rope to the ſide of the "ſhip; when we had taken a ſurvey "of theſe creatures, all the company "was aſked to tea in the cabin with "the captain of the ſhip; her father, "after his uſual manner, had been

"been

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" ſwearing at her that ſhe had ſaid
" or done ſomething to diſpleaſe him,
" and he wiſhed her at the devil;
" preſently a trap-door opens in the
" cabbin-floor, and up comes a black
" boy with the tea-kettle, which a lit-
" tle ſtartled us all; upon which ſhe
" jumped up as if in a great fright,
" and laying hold of her father, Lord,
" Sir, ſays ſhe, you had juſt been wiſh-
" ing the devil had me, and I thought
" he was come ſure enough to take
" you away for wiſhing me to him;
" at which we all laughed very hearti-
" ly, as it was ſaid ſo drolely;
" but what ſurpriſed me moſt was,
" there was another Miſs with her
" about the ſame age, and one of the
" lieutenants of the ſhip aſked the

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" young ladies to walk up into his
" cabin to ſee a very great curioſity;
" her father being now in great good
" humour, conſented they ſhould go
" with me to the lieutenant's cabin,
" who was the ſon of a Swediſh
" nobleman; as ſoon as we got on
" the deck, ſhe ſays to me, if you will
" not tell my father, I'll get on the
" back of that horſe, that I may ſay
" I have rode on one of the Queen of
" Hungary's horſes; he'll break your
" neck, ſays I, are you not afraid?
" Not I, ſays ſhe, not half ſo much as
" my father is when he goes on his
" own horſe; I could not help ſmiling
" at her, and was reſolved to ſee if
" ſhe had the courage to do it; ſhe
" aſked the man that tended theſe
" horſes

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" horſes if he would hold the horſe
" only while ſhe ſat on his back one
" moment; as the fellow did not
" underſtand Engliſh, I told him in
" French; he ſhook his head, and ſaid
" he would throw the young lady off,
" but he would hold the horſe if I
" deſired it; upon which I gave him
" a ſhilling, and pretended to leave
" her, ſaying, I would not ſee her
" break her neck; ſhe did not care,
" ſhe ſaid; then ſhe called to a man
" ſhe knew, and aſked him to help
" her on the horſe's back only for
" one moment, for the horſe was very
" high; I whiſpered the man to go
" and lift her up, and not ſtir from
" her, and I kept near myſelf for fear
of

" an accident: all the Swedes upon
" deck looked with aſtoniſhment,
" not thinking ſhe would have cou-
" rage to venture; well, the man
" put her upon the horſe's back, which
" began to prance and caper, and
" would inevitably have thrown her,
" if the fellow had let go his hold,
" but ſhe was not in the leaſt intimi-
" dated, but told him to let her go
" and not hold her; upon this I called
" to him to take her off; as ſoon as
" ſhe was down, now, ſays ſhe, I have
" been upon one of the Queen of
" Hungary's horſes, and I'll tell my
" papa myſelf: we went into the lieu-
" tenant's cabin to ſee this curioſity,
" which was a very ſmall dog, but
" a half quarter of a yard long, quite
" white,

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" white, and juſt ten months old, with
" a little diamond locket round its
" neck, it being a preſent for the
" Queen; the lieutenant aſked her
" what ſhe would give for ſuch a lit-
" tle creature; give, ſays ſhe, I would
" almoſt give the prettieſt thing I have
" got; what is that Miſs, ſays he;
" why my maidenhead, ſhe anſwered;
" oh, ſays the gentleman, if you
" will give me that, you ſhall have the
" dog, and I can ſay it died; why
" then ſays ſhe, you can ſay that it
" died without my giving you my pre-
" ſent; and where do you keep this
" treaſure of your's, Miſs? in my
" drawer, ſays ſhe, my papa brought
" it from London, and it is very
" pretty;

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" pretty; what is it like, he aſked
" her; what is it like, ſhe ſays, why
" a fan; my papa brought ſome from
" town, and he ſaid I ſhould have
" the maidenhead of them, and I
" have called it ſo ever ſince; pho,
" ſays he, that is not what I mean;
" oh, ſays ſhe, very innocently, you
" mean what ladies keep till they are
" married; no, I would not give that
" for a little dog neither, for then I
" ſhould never get a huſband while I
" live, and I do not think I would
" give you the fan now you are ſo im-
" pudent: ſhe teazed this young fel-
" low ſo much, that I verily thought
" ſhe would affront him.

" So,

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" So, says she, you would give up " a present from your sovereign for the " imaginary maidenhead of a fan; fie " upon you, I am sorry you are so " baulked as well as me, who ex- " pected you would have made me " an offer of this dear little creature; " dam the dog, said he, in a great " rage.

" She would not drop the subject " all I could say to her, till another " of the lieutenants came to ask the " ladies if they were afraid of the " guns, because the captain had or- " dered them to be fired.

" O Lord,

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" O Lord, ſays ſhe to the young " fellow that had the dog, now you " may give it me, and ſay it was " frightened to death with the firing " of the guns, which will be a better " excuſe than ſaying it died, becauſe " its maſter wanted the maidenhead of " a fan: ſhe begged of the other lieu- " tenant to let her go with the gunner " and fire two or three of the guns; " the gentleman aſked her if ſhe was " not afraid; no, ſays ſhe, I have put " the match, and fired the evening- " gun many a time aboard my papa's " ſhip; well, ſays the lieutenant, I'll " go and ſee you do it; with all my " heart ſays ſhe, I don't care who ſees " me, it is no harm.

" The

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" The other girl was frightened out " of her ſenſes at the thoughts of " the guns; ſo Miſs Yeo ſaid to her, " ſtay and take care of the dear little " dog, you may make a better bargin " with him perhaps than I have done, " for he will part with it for a maiden- " head of any ſort, if it is but the " maidenhead of a walnut, that you can " buy twenty a penny.

" The young Swede had much " more patience with her than I ſhould, " had I been in his place; but he was " very polite, and we all laughed ex- " ceſſively; for ſhe was ſo droll, and " withal ſo artleſs, that any perſon " would have been delighted with " her.

" Well,

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" Well, we went to fire the guns,
" and I told her ſhe muſt give the
" gunner half a crown, becauſe it was
" a forfeit; that's true, ſays ſhe,
" I gave my papa's gunner the ſame;
" but I would not ſuffer her to do it,
" and gave it the fellow myſelf, who
" went with her to every gun; ſhe ſays
" to me, is my old dad ſafe? then it
" is very well; and when I have fired
" them, I will go and tell him, that
" I have more courage than him-
" ſelf at firing guns: I mean,——ſhe
" ſaid, and made a full ſtop; he's a
" a very good old fellow too, ſome-
" times.

" I NEVER was ſo well diverted in
" all my life, as when I ſaw her with
" the

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" the match in her hand, and we in
" proceſſion after her: Oh, ſays ſhe,
" how the horſes will prance when the
" guns go off.

" As ſoon as ſhe had fired all the
" guns, ſhe called to the lieutenant,
" well, is the dog dead? if he is, you
" may ſafely give it me, as here is wit-
" neſſes enough that he died of a
" fright.

" She runs into the cabin where
" her father and mother, and the reſt
" of the company were ſitting; well,
" I have fired them, ſays ſhe; fired
" what, her father ſays; why the guns,
" Sir, ſays ſhe; I told them I had
" more courage to fire a gun than you
" had

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" had to get on a horſe; and I have
" rode on one of the Queen of Hun-
" gary's horſes; and I offered to give
" a gentleman my maidenhead for the
" prettieſt little creature of a dog, Sir,
" you ever ſaw in your whole life.

" HER father began to ſtorm and
" ſwear like a madman; what is the
" devil in the girl, or is ſhe drunk,
" ſays he; with that I went up to him
" and and told him, he ſhould not be
" angry with her for being innocently
" merry; don't baulk a girl of her ſpi-
" rit, ſays I, captain; hear what ſhe
" has to tell you, and if you can hold
" from laughing, I'll be damn'd; well,
" with ſome perſuaſions, her father be-
" gan to ſmooth his brow, and ſaid, pray,
" Miſs,

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" Miſs what are all theſe pranks that
" you have been playing? I have not
" been playing, Sir, ſays ſhe, but I have
" been riding and firing the guns; I
" wiſh you had fired your brains, ſaid
" her father: pray Sir, ſays ſhe, don't
" wiſh any more bad things, for you
" wiſhed me to the devil but juſt now,
" and he directly came, and till I ſaw
" the tea-kettle in his hand, I was
" afraid he was come for you, be-
" cauſe you ſwear ſo bitterly; for he
" may like them that ſwear and wiſh
" bad wiſhes, as well as he does thoſe
" that lye; and that's the reaſon he
" likes the quakers ſo well, becauſe
" they tell lies to pleaſe him.

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" HOLD your tongue huſſey, ſays her
" father; for there was a rich quaker
" with them in company that he was
" very intimate with; but the quaker,
" inſtead of being affronted, was pleaſ-
" ed with her, as he knew her ſpirit.
" And pray, Miſs, ſaid her father,
" what is this about the maidenhead;
" then ſhe told him how ſhe had ral-
" lied the lieutenant, and every word
" ſhe had ſaid; at which they all
" laughed very heartily, and ſent
" for him down to drink a glaſs of
" wine with us, but he deſired to be
" excuſed. Says her father very
" gravely, I ſuppoſe you have affront-
" ed this young gentleman with your
" airs.

" Well

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"WELL then, says she, if you'll "give me leave, I'll be whipped if I "don't bring him down for all this "story about the maidenhead, and he "shall let you see the pretty little "creature. Her father said she might "go if I would go with her, and "we went immediately to his cabin, "where he was playing on the Ger-"man flute; she said to him, I come, "Sir, to ask ten thousand pardons "for being so free as I was with "you, which I hope your good-"ness and politeness will attribute to "want of thought, and the natural "vivacity of my disposition; she said "this with so much good-nature, "that the lieutenant was quite in "raptures with her; she told him

"she

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" ſhe muſt not appear before her pa-
" pa if he did not go with her, and
" and that ſhe ſhould think, as well
" as her papa, that ſhe had affront-
" ed him if he refuſed it; he preſ-
" ſed her hand with great eagerneſs
" to his breaſt, and ſaid, my dear
" Miſs, ſuffer me to ſalute you, and
" be aſſured that I am charmed with
" your ſpirit as well as your perſon;
" and that nothing gives me ſo much
" pleaſure as ſeeing a young lady ſo
" volatile. Well then, ſays ſhe, after
" all theſe fine ſpeeches, and a kiſs or
" two into the bargain, I muſt inſiſt
" upon introducing you into the
" cabin, for I dare not ſhew my
" face without you, as my papa has
" threatened to fire my brains al-
" ready,

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" ready, and then he would be for
" firing my whole body out of one
" of your guns; and I am ſure you'll
" truſt me to carry the box with the
" dog for my papa to ſee, and do
" you put your flute in your pocket,
" and I'll clear up my voice, and
" we'll ſtrike up a tune that ſhall
" pleaſe them.

" The young gentleman began now
" to be ſo enamoured with her and
" ſhe of him, that they did not care
" to part, till I put her in mind that
" her papa would wonder at her ſtay-
" ing; but go ſhe would not with-
" out the lieutenant, who preſented
" her with a box of extreme fine

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" flowers, and I saw him put a bit
" of paper into her hand as he took
" hold of it, which he had taken up
" the pen to write, and which could
" not be above two lines: thinks I
" to myself, Mr. Swede, though you're
" a pretty fellow, and the son of a
" nobleman, you shall have good luck
" if you carry this girl off; we all
" three went into the cabin, and the
" lieutenant's servant was to bring
" the box of flowers, for Miss car-
" ried the dog, and took it out on
" the table before her father; and
" now, Sir, says she, would you have
" been angry at my giving what I
" offered for such a curiosity; why I
" would make a fortune of it; if it
" were

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" were mine, no perſon ſhould ſee it
" under a ſhilling.

" The young ſpark and ſhe enter-
" tained us with their muſick for
" ſome time, after which we took
" our leave, and I really believe the
" lieutenant would have given her the
" dog, he was ſo much enraptured
" with her, had her father been any
" way civil to him, but that was
" not in his nature. He aſked the
" captain and another of the lieuten-
" ants to dine at his houſe the next
" day, when the captain with great
" politeneſs told him, he never went
" any where without aſking the liber-
" ty to take this young gentleman
" with him, who was the ſon of his
" patron,

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" patron, and one of their firſt nobi-
" lity. Her father ſaid he might
" bring him, but he would have no
" fidling nor tuning in his girl's ears,
" ſhe was wild enough already, and
" he ſhould have her want to run away
" with a foreigner. The captain ſaid
" he hoped he would have a better
" opinion of his honour, than to think
" he would knowingly encourage any
" thing of that kind. But there's the
" thing, ſays her father, neither you
" nor I may know it; they are both
" young, and ſhe is a fly baggage,
" and loves to be flattered; the cap-
" tain aſſured him, he was a young
" gentleman of great honour and
" generoſity; damn his generoſity,
" ſays her father.

THE

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"The box of flowers was put into "the boat, and the young fellow seated "Miss in the chair to be hoisted in, "and we all took our leaves and came "away.

"We were a good many in the boat, "and for the conveniency of their "elders, the two girls sat on our laps; "Miss Yeo sat partly on mine, and "partly on her papa's. She asked the "coxswain if there was a box of flowers "there: yes, Miss, says the fellow, "here is three boxes brought down by "a gentleman's servant, and he said "they were for you. Three says her "father, what the devil is in them! "may be the dog or the devil, says she, "but

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" but they proved to be two boxes of
" ſweetmeats and the flowers.

" HER father opened one of them
" and eat a good deal, as we all did
" at the expence of the poor girl's
" preſent. She ſays to me, only mind
" how hearty the old gentleman eats,
" and when he has eaten them he will
" damn me, and call me a little bitch
" for accepting them, though I knew
" nothing of the matter, as he did
" when captain P. ſent me a paper of
" ſweetmeats at the play, for he ate
" every morſel from me, and then
" damned me for accepting them;
" what is her little bitch's tongue
" talking about now, ſays her father;
" why Sir, ſhe anſwered, I am telling
" how

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" how you love ſweet things, but
" all you eat don't make you ſweet-
" tempered, as every body ſays I am,
" and I wonder they have not that
" effect on old people as they have on
" young. So you call your father old,
" do you, ſays he, if you don't hold
" your tongue, by G——d I'll throw
" you overboard, and you may drown
" and be damned.

" No Sir, ſays ſhe, I ſhall neither
" be drowned, nor the other bad thing
" you mentioned, if you do throw me
" over; for I'll invoke old Neptune
" to bear me in his chariot through
" the waves to my new lover aboard
" a ſhip, and then I'll get preſented as
" well as the little dog to the queen

" of

" of Hungary. Her being ſo very
" comical, at laſt brought her father
" into a very good humour with her,
" and I was ſo much in love with her
" natural vivacity and native inno-
" cence, that I determined to make
" propoſals to her father for her my-
" ſelf.

" As ſhe found I could not for the
" ſoul of me keep my legs ſtill, ſhe
" ſtarts up and ſays, lord Mr. C. what
" is the matter with you that you can't
" keep your legs ſtill when I am on
" your lap, my papa does not tremble
" ſo, may be I hurt you; no, no,
" I told her, ſit ſtill; tho' in fact I
" wiſhed her off; her father laughed,
" the ladies looked demure, and the
" boat's

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" boat's crew were forced to turn their
" heads; what do the men laugh at
" ſhe ſays, becauſe I ſaid you could
" not keep your legs ſtill, no more you
" can't, is there any harm in that, may
" be you have got the fidgets. The
" devil in hell fidget the girl's tongue,
" ſhe is certainly mad or drunk; I'll
" tell you what Kate, ſays her father,
" I'll give you a guinea, if you will
" not ſpeak another word till we get on
" ſhore.

" Put it into this gentleman's poſſeſ-
" ſion then ſhe ſaid.

" Well I will, ſays her father: ſhe
" took hold of the guinea; now Sir,
" ſays ſhe, you think its better to give
" this guinea than to hear me talk, but

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" I am very certain it is not ſo charm-
" ing as my tongue, and if I ſhould
" be taken dumb for this, all the
" guineas you have would not make me
" ſpeak again, but I am reſolved I'll
" get this guinea if I never get another,
" for I want to buy ſome ribbons and
" gloves, and if the men will make
" haſte and row us aſhore, I'll give
" them a crown to drink.

" The fellows were obliged to bite
" their lips to keep from laugh-
" ing; and ſhe at laſt was quite ſilent;
" but ev'ry now and then when ſhe was
" going to talk, I checked her, and ſhe
" would laugh exceſſively; at laſt ſhe
" takes out her pencil and writes on a
" bit of paper, which ſhe gave her fa-
" ther,

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" ther, *I am not to forfeit the guinea for* " *laughing, that was not in the bargain,* " her father ſaid no, and ſmiled.

" We were ſoon landed, when ſhe " claimed the guinea, which I gave her, " and ſhe gave the boat's crew a crown. " I attended them home, where we " found mad lord M. who was remarke- " able for having his chaplain attend- " ing him every where in his canonical " habit, and who upon miſſing him one " evening had him cry'd all over Ply- " mouth at 12 o'clock at night.

" His lordſhip talked away as uſual, " and in particular told us a ſtory " which he ſaid happened when he com- " manded the Roſe man of war in the

" Weſt-

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" Weſt-Indies, of a young fellow,
" who was an excellent ſeamen, being
" ill of a calenture and long'd for
" greens, which if he had not, he ſaid
" he ſhould die; my lord ſaid he
" ſhould be very ſorry to loſe ſo good a
" man, but the ſhip was at ſea, and it
" was impoſſible to get him any; then
" the poor fellow begged to ſpeak with
" his meſſmate, who went to him, and
" he told him he ſhould ſoon be dead,
" and he would leave him his pay which
" was due; his meſſmate was much
" concerned and went upon deck; he
" had a guard near his hammock to
" keep him from going into the ſea,
" becauſe people in theſe diſorders
" think the ſea to be green fields; in
" about two or three hours the perſon

" that

" that he was to leave his pay to, went
" down to see if he was dead,
" instead of which he was sitting up
" in his bed eating something, and said,
" he owed his life to the great good-
" ness of his captain, who had sent him
" his belly full of greens; his messmate
" could not conceive what he meant by
" it, and by examining, found he had
" ate half of a green rug that covered
" him, and took it for greens.

" Miss Yeo, who seemed to give
" great attention to this story, direct-
" ly said, I am sure my lord that's a
" great fib; which set us all a laugh-
" ing.

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" I was so full of this girl's great
" good-nature and vivacity, that after
" supper when I had got her father by
" himself over a bottle, I asked his
" leave to address his daughter.

" He said, pray what fortune do
" you expect with her?

" I told him I did not want much,
" only to pay off a mortgage my bro-
" ther had left on the estate, otherwise
" I would take her without a shilling,
" provided she could like me, which
" I had the vanity to think she would;
" and what is the sum for this mort-
" gage, he said; I told him fifteen
" hundred pounds, and I would settle
" two hundred a year jointure on her.

" Yes

" YES so you shall, says her father, " when I part with such a sum out " of my hands before I die; I would " to you as soon or sooner than to " any man, because I believe you have " a value for the girl, and will make " her a good husband; but she's too " young, and I won't give any money " with her till my death.

" SHE was a girl of the most extra- " ordinary turn of disposition I ever met " with, and for the sake of her I never " married nor never will; and her fa- " ther was the whole cause of her ruin; " for as Jemmat did not ask any for- " tune, he gave his consent without " once enquiring into his circum- " stances.

I'LL

" I'LL tell you," says this gentleman to Mr. H. " one more instance " of this girl's innocence and great " good temper after she was married; " their shop used to be continually filled " with gentlemen, and one day in particular when I was in it, there were " two or three gay young sparks came " in, who all seemed to be paying Mrs. " Jemmat a great many compliments, " till at last she very prudently withdrew; but her husband soon sent for " her back, and said to her; damn you, " you can stay in the shop when nobody's here, why don't you stay now.

" AT which she very readily replied, " without the least change of temper; " indeed, my dear, if you would permit

" mit me to ſerve in the ſhop, I ſhould
" think it my proper province to be
" there at all times, and ſhould take a
" great delight in it; but your not al-
" lowing me to ſerve behind the coun-
" ter, and your being angry that I did
" not ſtay to divert thoſe gentlemen,
" makes them think you put me up to
" be ſeen for ſale, like a piece of ſilk in
" your ſhop, which is the reaſon of their
" coming here, for they never buy any
" thing, and hinder the country people
" that would; and ſome of them have
" wanted me to go away with them al-
" ready.

" Upon which he went up to her,
" and ſtruck her more than once, and
" ſhe with all the calmneſs in the
" world

" world turned to me, who was ſitting
" in the ſhop, for Jemmat had invited
" me to dinner, and ſaid, would you,
" Sir, uſe a wife ſo that was with child?
" No, that I ſhould not, ſaid I, was ſhe
" like you.

" And did the dog ſtrike her before
" you, ſaid Mr. H. had I been preſent
" I ſhould not have borne it although
" he was her huſband.

" And how did ſhe behave at din-
" ner, or did you leave them? No,
" Jemmat would inſiſt upon my ſtay-
" ing, and her behaviour afterwards
" both aſtoniſhed and charmed me;
" for after a few minutes all ſorrow
" and

" and anger was cleared from her brow,
" and ſhe ſat down and did the ho-
" nours of the table with all the good-
" nature and chearfulneſs imaginable,
" and behaved to that brute as if no-
" thing had happened.

" As ſoon as we had dined ſhe with-
" drew and left us at our bottle.

" There was another gentleman pre-
" ſent who had been, and ſtill is a great
" admirer of hers, and we took this
" huſband of hers to taſk, and told him
" he ought to conſider her age, and
" that tho' ſhe was a girl of ſpirit ſhe
" had great prudence, and that many
" hundred women would have reſented
" it ſo much as not to have ſet at
" table afterwards.

" INSTEAD

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" INSTEAD of which, with all the " chearfulneſs in the world, ſhe met " you at dinner, and with her uſual " good-nature very chearfully helped " you to what you liked.

" THEN the other gentleman ſaid, " by G—d Jemmat if you could be " unmarried, I would give five hun- " dred pounds to marry her, and take " her with child as ſhe is and without " a ſhift, provided ſhe could love me.

" HE might have her, he ſaid, " with all his heart, for her father " was an old rogue and would not give " her a fortune; that was your own " fault, ſaid the other; you was the " worſt rogue to deceive both the fa-

" ther

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" ther and the daughter; by which
" means you have made her miſer-
" able; but I hope her father will
" take her home, and the child ſhe
" goes with; therefore let me ad-
" viſe you to alter your behaviour,
" and keep your temper and tongue;
" for let her father be ever ſo bad, the
" girl can't help it. All we could ſay
" would not avail, for he was as obſti-
" nate as a mule.".

To which I ſhall take the liberty of adding the following pieces of poetry, as part of them are the beſt production of my poor abilities.

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Addreſſed to a very beneficent Nobleman.

WHETHER, my Lord, 'tis greater pain,
For you to hear or me complain,
Has oft my thoughts engroſt;
I'm vaſtly troubleſome, 'tis true,
But ſtill I muſt appeal to you,
Who feels the burthen moſt?

When various bleſſings you impart,
It lightens, it relieves your heart,
For virtue is ſelf-pay'd;
Here only the exalted mind
Can feel how much it is refin'd,
And ſee its pow'r diſplay'd.

But I, the ſport of adverſe fate,
Exiſting in a world I hate,

Amidſt

Amidſt the ſordid caſt;
Whene'er oppreſſive ills attend,
Muſt firſt invoke that only friend,
I ſhould ſollicit laſt.

Oh with what trembling ſteps I come,
Shame and confuſion hold me dumb,
Unable to reply;
A thouſand perſecuting foes,
With poignant darts the rear compoſe,
Whene'er to thee I fly.

Hear then, my Lord, my laſt requeſt,
In earneſtneſs of ſoul expreſt,
My future ſhame prevent;
A ſlender annual pittance give,
A ſmall but certain means to live,
And reſt my ſoul content.

Addreſſed

174287

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Addreſſed to the Right Rev. the Lord Biſhop of ———.

To breaſts like thine paternally that ſhare
In each viciſſitude of human care,
When friends and fortune from the wretched fly,
To eaſe the heart, and wipe the ſtreaming eye,
Inſpires ſeraphic extacy of mind,
Which the ſupremely virtuous only find;
Not pride or pomp, or luxury or dreſs,
Not all that elocution can expreſs,
Such home-felt joy and raviſhment impart
As warms and elevates a Chriſtian heart.

The

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The thund'ring peal that earth's foundation ſhakes,
Peace to the good man's conſcious ſpirit ſpeaks;
Shews what magnificence and pow'rs attend
That aweful being he eſteems a friend;
Commiſſion'd angels guard his ſoft repoſe,
And ſweet content his fearleſs ſlumbers cloſe:
Such calm felicity, ſuch bliſs divine,
Rewards bright ——— a ſoul like thine,
That holy'ſt ſanction to religion gives,
And up to each inſtructive precept lives.

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'Tis your's with boundleſs hand to
bring redreſs,
When ſickneſs, want, or nakedneſs op-
preſs;
The mourning widow's anguiſh to re-
ſtrain,
And kindly mitigate the orphan's pain:
To ſee affliction at her dreadful goal,
And vanquiſh with benevolence the
ſoul;
Thro' ev'ry ſtep thy hallow'd maſter
trod,
To act the impartial delegate of God.

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To Celia, fond of a Cat.

Who knows but Jove, in this diſguiſe,
Once more his deity belies;
And from Olympus to thy breaſt
Deſcends, to be ſupremely bleſt?
Why wilt thou then, aſpiring fair,
Indulge the latent danger there;
When, were the god confeſs'd, thy frame,
Could not ſuſtain his furious flame?
Or grant that form thy fav'rite's own,
Who thy miſtake would not bemoan?
Why on a brute thoſe kiſſes loſt,
Which to enjoy e'en Jove would boaſt?
Fair nymph, prefer the ſafer mean,
Man comes familiarly between;
Man,

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Man, not ſo firey bright as Jove,
Yet turn'd as happily for love;
Man, far above the tabby kind,
Yet of a no leſs humble mind.——
Upon thy ſmiles let Strephon live,
And joy at once receive and give.

A Picture of a good Huſband.

Should Providence preſent a man of parts,
Not learn'dly vain, yet ſkill'd in lib'ral arts;
Whoſe principles are ſolid, pious too,
Juſt to himſelf, and to his monarch true;
In converſation grave, but not preciſe,
Unmov'd in dangers, yet in counſel wiſe:
His

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His carriage humble, mix'd with decent
pride,
Inſtruct by actions, and as wiſely chide;
Who hates all flatt'ry, and does truth
revere,
Deeds prove his words, and ev'ry act
ſincere;
One who the world's temptations can
withſtand,
And all his paſſions equally command;
If this uncommon creature ſhould
agree
To like an honeſt, dull ſincerity,
(For wit and beauty ne'er belong'd
to me)
I could contentedly accept the bliſs,
And with a pleaſure know no will but
his.

Wrote

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Wrote in a young Lady's Milton.

HAD our firſt parent known but to controul,
And guide, like you, the paſſions of the ſoul;
In vain had Satan all his arts eſſay'd;
Virtues, like your's, would ſcorn to be betray'd.
Then no ſuch thoughts had Milton's breaſt inſpir'd,
Nor you, nor I, his tender lines admir'd:
Then learn from hence this female vice to ſhun,
Search not too far, by this was Eve undone.

A new

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A new Simile for young Batchelors.

As when a mouſe that quits her cell,
Attracted by the tempting ſmell
Of dainties cleanly Nan has dreſt,
And guarded for to-morrow's feaſt,
Unfortunately meets her fate,
By ſliding thro' the wiry grate,
To gain the well-diſſembled bait:
So the fond youth, whoſe eaſy heart
Falls a quick prey to Delia's art,
Deſpairs, impatient, till his rage
Finds entrance into wedlock's cage;—
Then cancels all the vows he ſwore,
And wonders how he could adore:
Like Mus laments loſt liberty,
And the ſame fate muſt ſet him free.

On

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On Chance and Predeſtination.

THREE diff'rent ſchemes philoſophers aſſign;
A Chance, a Fate, a Providence divine.
Which to embrace of theſe three diff'rent views,
Methinks it is not difficult to chuſe;
For, firſt, what wiſdom, or what ſenſe to cry
Things happen ſo and ſo, we know not why?
Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to know,
When things once are, that they muſt needs be ſo?
To ſee ſuch order, and deny all laws,
Feel ſuch effects, and yet confeſs no cauſe,

What

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What can be more extravagant and odd?
He only reaſons that believes a God.

On the May Morning.

The ſummer's morn unveils her eyes,
And darkſome ſhades diſpels away;
The dawning glade ſhines round the ſkies,
And Phœbus ſmiles at new-born day.

Around his orb, the bluſhing eaſt,
With roſy ſtreaks, bedecks his rays;
Refulgent thus, he mounts from reſt,
And all his radiant beams diſplays.

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Intenſely ſwift he circling moves
Around the ſkies with flaming blaze;
The great Creator, God above,
Each day renews his conſtant race.

Now pearly dews each flower ſpreads,
And early flocks from coverts riſe;
The verdant lawn they ſporting tread,
While weſtern gales around 'em ſighs.

The lark, with chearful voice on high,
Soars up the ætherial way;
And views the far extended ſky,
With ſongs to greet the happy day.

The

The lusty swains their cottage leave,
And to their fleecy flocks repair;
And tune their pipes till dusky eve,
Diurnal with the tender care.

Bright Phœbus, now, the dew exhales,
And chears the fainting languid flowers;
And smiling nature decks the vales,
Around the shady ambient bowers.

The feather'd tribes their voices raise,
Concordant with each other sing;
And whilst they love they strive to praise
Their Maker, heav'n's eternal king!

The

The trees expand their leaves around,
All in their bloom, and gay attire;
And ſylvan maids with garlands crown'd,
At thy approach, when love inſpire.

The purling rills, and flow'ry meads,
Their yielding beauties ſpring around;
And nature all her ſweetneſs ſpreads,
O'er the enamell'd vernal ground.

Extenſive God! ſupreme eſſence!
Of nature's bounteous blooming ſtore,
To thee I laud thy excellence,
And ſing of thy almighty pow'r!

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To Miſs ——— in the Country.

From town where nought but ſpleen and ſpite,
And ſcandals dire prevail,
My muſe retreats, and in her flight,
To you directs her tale.

To you who free from hateful ſtrife,
Paſs the gay hours away,
Enjoying ſtill new ſweets of life
With each ſucceeding day.

Whilſt we involv'd in broils and feuds,
Of evils ſure the worſt:
So fill'd with idiots, pimps, and prudes,
We're doom'd to be accurs'd.

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Pandora's box, I muſt confeſs,
I think was open'd here;
For where's the place from eaſt to weſt,
Where greater plagues appear?
Whilſt —, happy, happy place,
With joyous concord rings;
There ſcandal dares not ſhew her face,
Nor ſpread her ſable wings,
But all is calm, ſerene and gay,
Quite free from care and ſtrife;
Grant me, ye gods, while live I may,
Juſt ſuch a ſcene of life.

The Choice.

A MAN that's neither high nor low,
In party or in ſtature;
No noiſy rake, or fickle beau,
That's us'd to cringe and flatter.

And

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And let him be no learned fool,
That nods o'er musty books;
Who eats and drinks, and lives by rule,
And waves my words and looks.
Let him be easy, frank and gay,
Of dancing never tir'd;
Always t'have something smart to say,
But silent if requir'd.

The Lover's Resolve.

Enrag'd with Delia's coy disdain,
Despairing Damon swore,
He'd now dispel his am'rous pain,
Nor think on woman more.
But first each pledge of former love,
Each present he'd reclaim,
Then haftens to the neighbouring grove,
And thus address'd the dame:

False

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Falſe fair, thou know'ſt that taper crook,
That faithful dog that guards thy flock,
That ſcrip too, once were mine;
But ſince my love unheeded dies,
Since you no more the giver prize,
His love and gifts reſign.
With milder mein and ſmoother brow,
And well-diſſembled ſighs,
The fair one meets her ſhepherd now,
And bluſhing thus replies:
Whate'er thy fickle fondneſs gave,
Thine av'rice back again ſhall have:
But oh! remember, ſwain,
With ev'ry gift a kiſs you join'd,
Be then thoſe kiſſes now reſign'd;
Nor will I aught retain.
Thus ſaying, to the youth ſhe flew,
Around his neck her arms ſhe threw,

Her

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Her lips to his applied;
Her ſwelling boſom preſs'd to his,
Infus'd her ſoul at ev'ry kiſs,
And quite forgot her pride.
With raptures joyful Damon hears
His bliſs too great to bear:
Then thus with fault'ring voice he chears,
The penitential fair:
Forgive, my love, my life; my joy,
Forgive thy rude ill-manner'd boy,
Who dar'd his grief diſplay:
My crook, my flock, my all be thine!
Let this, my fair, be only mine,
To love and to obey.

Genius,

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Genius, Virtue, and Reputation.

As Genius, Virtue, Reputation,
Three worthy friends o'er all the nation,
Agreed to roam, then paſs the ſeas,
And viſit Italy and Greece:
By travel to improve their parts,
And learn the languages and arts;
Not like our modern fops and beaus,
To improve the pattern of their cloaths:
Thus Genius ſaid, —— "Companions dear,
"To what I ſpeak incline an ear:
"Some chance, perhaps, may us "divide;
"Let us againſt the worſt provide.

"And

" And give ſome ſign, by which to
" find
" A friend thus loſt, or left behind.
" For me if cruel fate ſhould ever
" Me and my dear companions
" ſevere,
" Go ſeek me 'midſt the walls of
" Rome,
" At Angelo's, or Raphael's tomb;
" Or elſe at Virgil's ſacred ſhrine,
" Lamenting with the mournful
" Nine."

Next Virtuo pauſing, —— (for ſhe knew
The places were but very few,
Where ſhe could fairly hope to ſtay
Till her companions came that way:)

" Paſs

" Paſs by (ſhe cry'd) the court, the
" ball,
" The maſquerade and carnival,
" Where all in falſe diſguiſe appear,
" But vice, whoſe face is ever bare;
" 'Tis ten to one I am not there.
" Cælia, the loveliest maid on earth!
" I've been her friend, e'er ſince her
" birth;
" Perfection in her perſon charms,
" And virtue all her boſom warms;
" A matchleſs pattern for the fair;
" Her dwelling ſeek, you'll find me
" there."

Cry'd Reputation, " I like you,
" Had once a ſoft companion too;
" As fair her perſon, as her fame,
" And Coquetiſſa was her name.

" Ten

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" Ten thouſand lovers ſwell'd her
" train;
" Ten thouſand lovers ſigh'd in vain:
" Where'er ſhe went, the danglers
" came;
" Yet ſtill I was her favourite flame.
" Till once,——('twas at the public
" ſhow)
" The play being done, we roſe to
" go;
" A thing who long had ey'd the fair,
" His neck ſtiff-yoak'd in ſolitaire,
" With clean white gloves, firſt made
" approach,
" Then begg'd to lead her to her
" coach:
" She ſmil'd, and gave her lilly hand;
" Away they tript it to the Strand:

 " A hack-

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" A hackney coach receiv'd the pair,
" They went to——but I won't tell
" where.
" Then loſt ſhe reputation quite:
" Friends take example from that
" night,
" And never leave me from your
" ſight.
" For oh! if cruel fate intends
" Ever to part me from my friends,
" Think that I'm dead; my death de-
" plore,
" But never hope to ſee me more!
" In vain you'll ſearch the world a-
" round;
" Loſt reputation's never to be found."

The

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The Heron. A Tale for the old Maids.

A Her'n erect, with ſtately ſtride,
Was coaſting by a river's ſide;
Where gilded carps, in limpid ſtream,
Sported before him, in the gleam;
And lordly pikes courted his taſte,
He needed only ſtoop to feaſt:
But hoping ſomething nice would offer,
Dainty, he ſlights the preſent proffer:
Not long, but appetite reſtor'd,
Draws him again down to a ford;
Here the ſlimy tench he found,
(But nothing better all around)
Such low repaſt with ſcorn refus'd,
Thus proudly with himſelf he muſ'd:
What

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What, tench for me! ſuch wretched
ſtuff
Might ſerve an otter well enough;
But her'ns thus low to condeſcend,
Like city-mouſe with country friend!
Unmov'd, he views the homely fare,
Nor thinks it worth a ſingle care:
The tench ſwim off.—The gudgeons
next
Approach our hero—now perplext;
But he, who ſcorn'd their betters ſo,
Scorns them—and lets the gudgeons
go;
And now all's gone, both good and
bad;
(A fin on no terms to be had)
Poor long-ſhanks, ſeeing no great
choice,
Knew 'twas a folly to be nice;

And

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And ſo, to make his ſupper ſure,
Eat ſnails like any epicure.

The Lady's Reſolve.

WHILST thirſt of praiſe, and vain deſire of fame,
In ev'ry age is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtſhip pleas'd of filly toaſters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool beſtowing ſome kind glance,
Each conqueſt owing to ſome looſe advance;
While vain coquets affect to be purſu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not groſsly lew'd;

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part ſhe is to blame that has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame,
In ev'ry ſtate and ev'ry age the ſame;
With their own folly pleas'd the fair they toaſt,
And where they leaſt are happy, ſwear they're moſt;
No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude;
And her that ſeems, yet is not really lewd;

While

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While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,
And taſtes no joys but what their fancies give.
Let this great maxim be my action's guide,
May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd;
Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

To-morrow.

THOUGHTLESS on fate, tho' of its eſſence ſure,
View man, the bound'ries of his ſtate explore;
The ſoft deluſive ſweets of life avail,
To charm (juſt for a while) the ſenſe of all;

In

In ſome they raiſe a diſcontented mind,
In ſome corrupted, and in ſome refin'd.
Harden'd thro' crimes impenitently gay,
See here a man bewilder'd in delay;
From time to time defer's his mending hour;
Bold in his vice, he thinks himſelf ſecure.
To-morrow's with to-morrow's blended lye,
All his defects to-morrow muſt ſupply.
To-morrow comes is but a common day:
His ſins predominant muſt ſtill delay.
Thus endleſs ſeries of whole years may fly,
To-morrow he's to mend, to-morrow he's to die;
At laſt cold death approaches with her aweful train,
Claſps our bold hero, who ſubmits with conſcious pain,

To-

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To-morrow he wiſhes, being now too late, to ſave,
Withdraws into the confines of the ſleepy grave.
Thus liv'd, thus dy'd, and left ſufficient ground to ſay,
There's no to-morrow, 'tis happy there is to-day.

Wrote

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Wrote on seeing some flowers blow in an apartment.

WHAT then will Flora bless my humble cell,
And spread her op'ning fragrance to the sun;
Deigns she with sighs, with solitude to dwell,
And bless the precincts of a wretch undone.
Yes, see the pink her beauties wide unfold,
She courts not fortune nor her silken smile;
She comes unbrib'd by insolence or gold,
Too chaste for human cunning to beguile.

Parent

Parent of nature, undiſſembling good,
Author of all the comforts thou haſt lent,
Let but thy mercies well be underſtood,
Then who ſhall find an hour for diſcontent.

Addreſs to a Gentleman on ſeeing his Gardens and Improvements.

Behold the pow'r of elegance and taſte,
Awake to harmony the dreary waſte,
Where'er I tread, ſpontaneous beauties riſe,
And new-form'd wonders captivate my my eyes.
Is it a ſcene in paradiſe I view?
Or is Amphion's pow'r devolv'd to you?
That

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That rocks and woods, and waters
should be taught,
A prompt obedience to each happy
thought.
Whether I wander thro' the artleſs ſhade,
Where nature's ſimpleſt aſpect is diſ-
play'd;
Or fill'd with wild imagination, rove
Amidſt the fragrance of thy orange grove;
Whether yon Gothic temple I ſurvey,
Or mark the waters trickling in their way,
My tongue and pen ambitiouſly contend,
One to deſcribe, the other to commend.
From ſuch divine improvements we may
find
Sure means to judge of an accompliſh'd
mind,

Where

Where all the ſweets of each remoter
land
Stand here compil'd by a judicious
hand.

Addreſſed to a Lady who had two lovely Boys.

She comes, immortal pleaſures to impart,
Love in her looks, and honour in her
heart,
She comes, attended by her native train,
That ſportive cupids emulate in vain,
Thoſe blooming boys, whoſe lineaments
proclaim
The long illuſtrious race from whence
they came;

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Belov'd by all, majeſtic ſhe appears,
Emitting luſtre through a veil of tears.

EPIGRAM.

All agree that a poet can ſeldom get bread
Till age has deſtroy'd every tooth in his head,
Then why ſhould I be in the dumps;
From the maxim 'tis clear,
My preferment is near,
Since mine are all worn to the ſtumps.

On

On the death of the Right Hon. HENRY PELHAM, *Esq;*

SAY Pelham, say, what now avails thy toil,
Thy constant watchings o'er the midnight oil;
To read the grave historian's labour'd page,
To admire the raptur'd bard, or thoughtful sage;
Could all thy knowledge stop thy parting breath?
Could all thy grandeur charm the eye of death?
Ah no! it could not charm no more than save,
'Tis virtue only triumphs o'er the grave.
'Twas

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'Twas ſhe, kind goddeſs, ſoften'd ev'ry care,
Allay'd thy anger, and diſpell'd thy fear,
She grac'd thy life, ſhe bid thee bravely die,
And guides thee to immortal joys on high.

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An Acroſtick on my Brother's going to Sea.

W hen tempeſts with their thouſand
horrors riſe,
I nſpect th'impending ruin not with eyes
L oaded with tears; but when deſtruc-
tion's near
L ook on and ſlight it with intrepid air;
I n gulph of dread uncertainty ne'er
know
A paſſion that does in cowards glow;
M indful of heav'n, and that that heav'n
deſign'd,
Y ield to its providential care reſign'd;
E ternal gods to them ſubmiſſion ſhow,
O ft think on them, as we on thee poor
Yeo.

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By a young Gentleman on the Death of my Brother.

To whom ſhall I my labouring breaſt diſcloſe,
Reveal my tortures, and diſcloſe my woes;
To thee, dear Lycidas, ſurviving friend,
To me thy aid, thy pen, thy muſes lend;
While I in faithful, tho' in humble ſtrain,
Deplore my loſs, and of the fates complain;
No more in pleaſing themes the muſe delights,
Now ſadly murmuring, trembles as ſhe writes.

Far

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Far different thoughts muſt now my peſt employ,
And into deepeſt anguiſh turn my joy;
Let love a while be baniſh'd far away,
Whilſt I the laſt ſad debt of friendſhip pay.
Ye virgins liſten to this tale of woe,
And let the tender tears of ſorrow flow;
You who once knew the dear departed youth,
That he was all made up of love and truth:
But oh, the brighteſt virtues cannot ſave
Their lovely owner from the inſatiate grave.
For you, ye fair, there may be ſome amends,
All men are lovers, 'tis but few are friends;

Your

Your ſhock of ſorrow may in time decline,
Time may aſſuage your grief, but never mine;
You for new lovers may new ſmiles put on,
But I for no ſuch friend now he is gone.
Who doe's not mourn this youth's unhappy date,
What heart but melts with pity for his fate?
Farewell too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own.
Have I not cauſe, relentleſs heaven to mourn?
Did ever breaſt with purer friendſhip burn?

Did

Did ever youth ſo beautiful appear?
Did ever branch ſo ſweet a bloſſom bear?
Death view'd his beauties with unfriendly eyes,
Stept proudly forth and ſnatch'd the glorious prize;
Thus does the lovely roſe its ſweets diſpenſe,
Fair to the eye and pleaſing to the ſenſe;
Till hoary winter with its icy arms,
Nips the fair bud and rifles all its charms.
Behold his weeping ſiſters firſt appear,
For ever torn from what they held ſo dear;
Adorn'd with cypreſs ſhades and ſpringing flowers,

Shining

Shining thro' tears, like April ſuns in
ſhowers;
And great muſt be that merit which can
draw
Streams from the lovelieſt eyes that ever
ſaw.
Lo! there ſhe ſits, and ſilent as ſhe cries,
A cryſtal flood of tears bedew her eyes;
Tears which ſhould melt a heart even
free to view,
How then muſt mine that's conquered
bleed anew:
Conquer'd by thee, dear maid, ſome
pity ſhow,
Reſtrain thoſe tears, ah! ſtill, alas! they
flow,
Compaſſion, love, and friendſhip all
combine,
Can I reſiſt? no, I'll for ever pine,

Sad

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Sad luxury of grief how will I rove,
From ſorrow ſtill, to circling ſorrow move,
From endleſs glory, kindleſt endleſs love.
But why thy untimely fate ſhould we deplore,
Sure we ſhall meet when once this life is o'er;
Where op'ning ſcenes of wonder charm the view,
And the ſoul ſprings to joys for ever new.
Heav'n only calls him to the realms above,
To teach the cherubims how they ſhould love.

But

But hark! what voice is that invades
my ears?
A voice which bids me caſt away my
fears;
Sure I ſhould know the form ſo young,
ſo gay;
Yes, 'tis his ſhade, and thus it ſeems to
ſay:
Lament, miſtaken friend, my fate no
more,
I'm ſafely landed on a happier ſhore,
And bleſt to full perfection I can now
With pity view whate'er I left below;
Indulge no more this ſad complaining
voice,
Nor by intemperate grief diſturb my
joys.

He

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He ſpoke no more, but wing'd away his flight
To the bright manſions of eternal light.

Sent to me with a noſegay the latter end of the ſeaſon.

Accept, my fair, this latter bloom,
And lay it on thy breaſt,
Where angels would delight to come,
Could they be half ſo bleſt.
Go happy noſegay, ſweet as May,
To Kitty's ſweeter boſom go,
And whilſt amidſt her charms you lay,
My ſecret paſſion let her know.

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Sent to Mr. H. by an old gentleman, at the time he courted me.

ADAM alone could not be eaſy,
But he muſt have a wife, an't pleaſe you;
But how did he procure this wife
To chear his ſolitary life?
Why from a rib out of his ſide
Was form'd this neceſſary bride;
And how did he the pain beguile?
Pho, he ſlept ſweetly all the while:
But when the rib was re-apply'd
In woman's form to Adam's ſide,
How then, I pray you, did it anſwer?
He never ſlept ſo ſweet again, Sir.

Sent

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Sent me by Mr. S.

How long I thought the nights and
days
When abſent from my fair,
Who can recount the many ways
I ſtrove to eaſe my care;
Sometimes by muſic's ſofteſt charms
I try'd to eaſe my pain,
But that gave way to mighty love,
Like me its conquer'd ſwain;
At firſt I thought all things combin'd
To wound my tender breaſt,
And that conſpiring fates deſign'd
To rob me of my reſt;
But ſoon I found I had miſtook,
And that was not the cauſe;
'Twas reaſon had her throne forſook,
To ſtoop to Cupid's laws;

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But when I did reflect again
On all her pow'rful charms,
The hopes, the fears, the pleasing pain,
When folded in her arms;
Then like a lover that pursues
The thing he ought to fly,
And prizes what's no loss to lose,
Just so did foolish I.

FINIS.

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